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THE
SONGS, DUETS, CHORUSES,

&c. &c.

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NOW SINGING AT

VAUXHALL.

Gardens

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SONGS, DUETS, &c.

THE SILVER MOON.

A Favourite Song, sung by Miss MILNE.

The words by Mr. UPTON.

WHERE shall I seek the lovely swain,
That woo'd me on the banks of Tweed?
Where hear the soft and tender strain
He play'd upon his oaten reed?
O sweetly cou'd the shepherd play,
The bonny boy that won me soon,
For Sandy stole my heart away
While playing by the silver moon.

Where can he stray? Ah! tell me where:
Return, my love, return to me;
Come, let us to the grot repair
That overlooks the surgy sea:
And when the village train's at rest,
My bonny boy thy bagpipes tunc,
For what can e'er our loves molest
While playing by the silver moon?

Come then, my bonny boy, with speed,
Or else with grief my heart will break ;
Come, let us range the banks of Tweed,
And join the merry dance or wake ;
But what's the dance or wake to me,
The boast of every filly loon,
Compar'd to moments pass'd with thee,
While playing by the silver moon ?

THEN

THEN SAY, MY SWEET GIRL, CAN
YOU LOVE ME.

A Favourite Song, sung by Mr. DARLEY.

The words by Mr. UPTON.

DEAR Nancy I've sail'd the world all around,
And seven long years been a rover,
To make for my charmer each shilling a pound,
But now my hard perils are over.
I've sav'd from my toils many hundreds in gold,
The comforts of life to beget,
Have borne in each climate the heat and the cold,
And all for my pretty Brunette:
Then say, my sweet girl, can you love me.

Tho' others may boast of more riches than mine,
And rate my attractions e'en fewer,
At their jeers and ill-nature I'll scorn to repine,
Can they boast of a heart that is truer?
Or will they for thee plough the hazardous main,
Brave the seasons both stormy and wet?
If not, why I'll do it again, and again,
And all for my pretty Brunette.
Then say my sweet girl, &c.

When order'd afar in pursuit of the foe,
I sigh'd at the bodings of fancy,
Which fain would persuade me I might be laid low,
And ah! never more see my Nancy;
But hope, like an angel, soon banish'd the thought,
And bade me such nonsense forget:
I took the advice, and undauntedly fought,
And all for my pretty Brunette.
Then say, my sweet girl, &c.
TWO

TWO BUNCHES A PENNY, PRIMROSES.

A Favourite Song, sung by Mrs. FRANKLIN.

The words by Mr. UPTON.

WHEN nature first salutes the spring,
And fields all green appear,
The feather'd tribes their mattins sing,
And hail the verdant year.
But tho' the country boasts of sweets
Unknown to those in town,
How sweet to hear, in London streets,
What's cried both up and down,
Two bunches a penny primroses, two bunches a
penny.

Stern winter may enrobe with snow
Each valley, dale, and hill,
Throughout the world bid tempests blow,
And freeze the bubbling rill :
Yet spring will come, with smiling face,
And spread each joy around,
Give freedom to the wat'ry race,
And wake the pleasing sound,
Two bunches, &c.

Thus winter must to spring give way,
As seasons roll along,
The thorn-bud blossom with the may,
The lark resume his song :
And tho' the country boasts of sweets
Unknown to those in town,
How sweet to hear, in London streets,
What's cried both up and down,
Two bunches, &c.
YARROW

YARROW VALE.

A Favourite Scotch Song, sung by Mrs. MOUNTAIN.

IN Yarrow vale, by Yarrow stream,
 Where love, and youth, and beauty stray,
 Oft thro' the twilight's waving gleam
 Sweet Mary trac'd the dewy way.
 She lov'd the meads, the tow'ring trees,
 The fanning of the western gale,
 Yet sigh'd for something still to please,
 By Yarrow stream, in Yarrow vale.

In Yarrow vale, by Yarrow stream,
 Sweet pleasure reigns, the pensive said,
 Here shades indulge the shepherd's dream,
 And zephyrs soothe the slumb'ring maid;
 While I in languor musing rove,
 List'ning the lonely woodlark's wail,
 And thro' the woods unheeded rove,
 By Yarrow stream, in Yarrow vale.

In Yarrow vale, by Yarrow stream,
 Nature his friend, his guardian love,
 Sandy, beneath the moon's soft beam,
 Had follow'd Mary thro' the grove:
 He look'd, she blush'd, he spoke, she sigh'd,
 Blest hour to tell a tender tale,
 Next morning saw the nymph a bride,
 By Yarrow stream, in Yarrow vale.

THE CONTENTED SHEPHERD.

*A Favourite Song, sung by Mr. DARLEY.**The words by Mrs. ROBINSON.*

BY the side of a mountain o'ershadow'd with trees,
 With thick clusters of vine intermingled and
 wove,
 I behold my thatch'd cottage, dear mansion of ease!
 The seat of contentment, of friendship, and love,
 Each morn when I open the latch of my door,
 My heart throbs with rapture to hear the birds sing,
 And at night, when the dance in the village is o'er,
 On my pillow I strew the fresh roses of spring.

When I hide in the forest from noon's scorching ray,
 While the torrents deep murmurs re-echoing sound,
 When the herds quit their pastures to quaff the clear
 stream,
 And the flocks in the vale lie extended around,
 I muse, but my thoughts are contented and free,
 I regret not the splendor of riches and pride,
 The delights of retirement are dearer to me
 Than the proudest appendage to greatness allied.

I sing, and my song is the carol of joy,
 My cheek glows with health like the wild rose in
 bloom,
 I dance, yet forget not, tho' blithsome and gay,
 That I measure the footsteps that lead to the tomb:
 Contented to live, yet not fearful to die,
 With a conscience unspotted I pass thro' life's scene,
 On the wings of delight ev'ry moment shall fly,
 And the end of my days be resign'd and serene.

NEVER

NEVER SAY NO, WHEN YOU WISH
TO SAY YES.

A Favourite Song, sung by Mrs. FRANKLIN.

I Cannot help thinking I've oft been to blame
When my tongue gave my wishes too frequent
the lie,

And yet it's surprizing I still do the same ;
Was ever poor maid half so simple as I ?
Young Harry has told me, too confident youth,
When I banter'd his passion and took it amiss,
Indeed, my dear girl, you do not speak the truth,
O, never say no, when you wish to say yes.

When last at the fair, he wou'd purchase a ring,
And vow'd, as a fairing, he'd give it to me ;
I frown'd and rejected the glittering thing,
And vow'd all my life to live happy and free ;
'Tis no such a thing, pretty maiden, he cry'd,
No, no, my sweet love, it is not, by this kifs,
You must, and you shall, nay, you will be a bride,
Come, never say no, when you wish to say yes.

I've thought ever since what he said was too true,
And swear, the next time he is pressing and kind
I'll e'en to the parson, without more to do,
And take the dear youth while he is in the mind.
And this I'll advise all the sex, to be plain,
Nor trifle too long with a permanent bliss,
When a swain loves with honour, return it again,
Nor never say no, when you ought to say yes.

B

LET

LET OTHERS WREATHS OF ROSES
TWINE.

A Favourite Song, sung by Mrs. ADDISON.

The words by Mrs. ROBINSON.

LET others wreaths of roses twine
With scented leaves of eglantine,
Enamell'd buds and gaudy flow'rs,
The pride of Flora's painted bow'rs ;
Such common charms shall ne'er be wove
Around the brows of him I love.

Then lead me, Flora, to some vale,
Where, shelter'd from the fickle gale,
In modest garb amidst the gloom,
The constant myrtle sheds perfume,
And, hid secure from prying eyes,
In spotless beauty blooms and dies.

And should its velvet leaves dispense
No pow'rful odours to the sense,
Should no proud tints of gaudy hue
With dazzling lustre pain the view,
Still shall its verdant boughs defy
The northern blasts and wintry sky.

Ah Venus !—should this hand of mine
Steal from thy tree a wreath divine,
Assist me while I fondly bind
Two hearts by holy friendship join'd,
Thy cherish'd branches then shall prove
Sacred to truth as well as love.

MY DEAR WILLY.

A Favourite Song, sung by Miss MILNE.

BLITHE Willy woos me soon and late,
He's ever in my sight,
He says I am his bonny Kate,
His love and heart's delight.
Ye lasses, tell me what to do,
Perhaps I may be filly,
But sure it's right to buckle too,
And marry my dear Willy.

The laddy loos no other maid,
I ken, than simple me:
He's gear in store, and muckle trade,
And then, how fond is he!
Ye lasses, tell me what to do,
Perhaps I may be filly,
But sure it's right to buckle too,
And marry my dear Willy.

My mither and my father, mind,
Have given their consent,
And I am nearly half inclin'd,
But fear I may repent!
Ye lasses, tell me what to do,
Perhaps I may be filly,
But faith, I think I'll buckle too,
And marry my dear Willy.

SWEET PATTY.

A Favourite Song, sung by Mr. CLIFFORD.

WHEN Patty wanders far away,
 And leaves her swain to grieve,
 With sighs I measure out the day,
 Till she returns at eve :
 The studied frown I oft invent,
 To chide her when we meet,
 But love averts the wish'd intent,
 And burns with fiercer heat,
 For Patty, sweet Patty.

When bidden to forget the maid,
 I promise to comply,
 And yet the vows one minute made
 The very next deny ;
 In every dream I view her face,
 In ev'ry thought her charms,
 Ye gods, let truth of doubt take place,
 And bless my longing arms
 With Patty, sweet Patty.

She's gentle as the tender dove,
 And like its nature kind,
 And tho' her beauties caught my love,
 'Twas conquer'd by her mind !
 For ev'ry charm is center'd there,
 My Patty is too true ;
 And by each guardian angel swear
 I live for only you,
 My Patty, sweet Patty.

HITHER

HITHER, MARY, HITHER COME.

A Favourite Song, sung by Master PHELPS.

HITHER, hither, Mary, hither, hither come,
And taste with me the vernal bloom;
Here the fragrant hawthorn blows,
Here blooms the pink and blushing rose:
Hither come with me to prove
The sweets delights of mutual love.

Hither, hither, Mary, hither hither come,
Make this bow'r thy peaceful home,
Taste the bliss of rural ease,
Matchless joys of love and peace;
Hither come with me to prove
The sweet delights of mutual love.

Hither, hither, Mary, hither, hither come,
No longer from thy lover roam,
These delights come share with me,
Nature smiles to welcome thee:
Hither, hither come with me to prove
The sweet delights of mutual love.

Serious Glee.

O How sweetly Delia sings!
Lift'ning angels leave the skies—
Hov'ring on celestial wings—
Wond'ring whence such strains arise!
Softly! softly! lovely maid!
Sing less sweet—in time beware!
Tho' the gods may court thy aid,
'Tis too much for man to bear.

Comic Glee.

TO but-belly'd Baechus we bow,
The ivy-crown'd god of delight !
The season for pleasure is now,
Then revel and keep up the night !
Live, laugh, and drive sorrow away,
Let music, sweet music, resound !
With spirits right jocund and gay
Our lives shall go merrily round !

THE SOLDIER'S ADIEU.

TO arms! To arms! To arms!
Let trumpets, drums, and cannons roar,
In rattling peals, from Britain's shore,
Whilst Brunswick's offspring takes the field,
And bids the dastard rebel yield.
To arms! To arms! To arms!

Semi-Chorus of Women.

BRAVE heroes go—success awaits your arms,
A cause so great each British bosom warms:
No doubts arise—by fear unaw'd—
What pleasures are in store,
By courage guarded still abroad,
By loyalty on shore.

Full Chorus.

LONG life to our Leader, Defender, and King,
May heav'n protecting still hear whilst we sing,
Success to our arms, and the good cause defend,
Long life to our Monarch, our Prince, and our friend.

Recita-

Recitative.—MR. DARLEY.

FAREWELL, sweet maids—let no vain fears arise.
Your lover crown'd returns, or nobly dies:
The sweet reward of all our future care
Shall be the smiles of ev'ry British fair.

S O N G.—MR. DARLEY.

VAIN Frenchmen pretend to plead liberty's cause,
And with Britons the right to dispute,
But words by translation we know lose their force,
And freedom's a true *English* root.

This freedom in France an exotic was plac'd,
A blooming, yet delicate shoot,
But the hot-bed of faction, by forcing its rise,
Destroy'd it before it *took* root.

In England alone, where in vigor it yields,
By George ever guarded, its fruit,
There loyalty—there unanimity reigns,
None dare put the *axe* to the root.

Chorus repeated.

Recitative.—MRS. FRANKLIN.

THRICE happy land, where freedom rears her head,
By wisdom nurtur'd, and by reason led ;
Hence, foreign faction—only English zeal
Can teach mankind *true liberty* to feel.

THE KING AND CONSTITUTION.

Mrs. Franklin.

HAPPY Britons, great and free,
Defend the source of liberty :
Ye great and good, with pious hand,
Support your King and save the land.
Where splendid commerce rears her head,
And lib'ral arts their radiance spread,
Where wealth flows in with every tide,
Let peace and harmony reside,
Let all with hearts and hands conspire,
Sound the trumpet, strike the lyre,
Triumphant let us loudly sing
Our constitution and our King.

Mrs.

Mrs. Addison,

Peace and pleasure, joy and love,
Thro' the vale with freedom rove,
With smiling Ceres hand in hand,
Diffusing blessings o'er the land.
Then, what can Britons wish for more?
Or what have Britons to deplore?
Whilst truth and mercy, from the throne,
Bids him call those joys his own.
Let all with, &c.

Miss Milne,

Warm in the great the glorious cause
Of our religion and our laws,
Ye great and good, with pious hand,
Support your King, and save the land:
Let faith exalted lift her head,
By smiling truth and reason led.
Faction, disarm'd, shall hurt no more,
And discord quit our happy shore.
Let all with, &c.

Mrs.

Mrs. Mountain.

WHEN peace shall revisit the land,
All your toils will be richly repaid,
Each hero shall boldly demand
Reward from his favourite maid.

Master Phelps.

Each maid, to reward the past care,
Will myrtle and laurel entwine,
A wreath thus bestow'd by the fair,
Will render the hero divine.

Glee of Men.

ADIEU! Adieu! Adieu!
All, all a short adieu:
Heaven will aid our arms,
And waft us back to love and you.

Women

Women.

Adieu! Adieu! Adieu!
A short, a sweet adieu!
Heav'n disperse *their* arms,
And heap success and love on you.

Repeated both together.

Last Chorus.

Long life to our leader, &c.

THE WAY TO KEEP HIM.

A Favourite Song, sung by Mrs. MOUNTAIN.

The words by a Lady.

WHEN once the maid is chang'd to wife,
And wedlock fix'd her lot for life,
Sweet days of courtship over,
With all our soft attractive graces,
Dimpl'd smiles, or pretty faces,
'Tis hard to fix our lover,
Or find the way to keep him.

So odd the sex, so strange the mode,
'Tis not enough we're wise and good,
Now other charms must noose him :
A wife that's over wise they shun,
From her that's over fond they run.
If thus our merits lose him,
How find the way to keep him.

Adopt his plan of social joys,
Hear with his ears, see with his eyes,
Nor scold if he turns rover :
For peace and pleasure men oft roam,
But if they find those joys at home
Your husband is your lover,
And that's the way to keep him.

WHEN LUCY WAS KIND.

A Favourite Song, sung by Master PHELPS.

WHEN Lucy was kind and love play'd in her eyes
I thought it no morning 'till Lucy did rise,
Of Lucy the hills, and the valleys all rung,
For she was my love and the theme of my song.

But now O how little her glories can move,
That aid to inflame me with rapture and love,
Thy rigour O Lucy, will shorten thy reign,
And make our bright goddess a mortal again.

'Tis kindness my fair one, and kindness alone,
Will add to thy lovers, and strengthen thy throne,
In love, as in empire, tyrannical sway
Will make loyal subjects forget to obey.

CHRYSLER YELL VEH

1911-12-12

1911-12-13

ALL INFORMATION CONTAINED HEREIN IS UNCLASSIFIED

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For more information, please contact:

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1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered.

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And make out the following

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

...and strengthened my...

Yaklaşık olarak, birimlerin ve bunların

U.S. DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

